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DIES IN SERVICE

"Cutler Dyer of this city, boatswain's mate, first class, U. S. N., died October 19 at Charleston Naval Hospital, Charleston, S. C., of pneumonia, following influenza. He went to Charleston to be assigned to his new ship, having completed his first cruise. His body is on the way to San Francisco. Besides his wife, Mrs. Adalene B. Dyer, he leaves a mother, Mrs. Abbie Cutler Dyer, and a sister, Miss Eleanor F. Dyer."

The above clipping from a San Francisco paper tells its own story. Dyer was a student at Polytechnic during the year 1913-14. It will be remembered that he wrote an interesting letter to the Polygram while serving on a submarine last year.

The Polygram wishes to express the sympathy of the faculty and student body to the bereaved family.

The number of students from Poly now in the service was recently increased to 142. Captain Rush Taber and Lieutenant Olin Halstead joined the heavy motor artillery upon the promise that they should see immediate service in France. Lieutenant George Smith has been ordered to entrain for Kelly Field, San Antonio, Texas, probably to become a mechanic in the Aviation Corps. Corporal Norman Bachelder has also been called into the service.

Below are letters from two men already overseas:

Barracks 25, Mitchell Field,
Hempstead, L. I., N. Y.

Mr. R. W. Ryder, California Polytechnic School,
San Luis Obispo, California.

Dear Friend: Having a little spare time and having neglected to write to you for some time, thought that I would write you a few lines to let you know that I am still alive and have at last received my commission that I have been working for.

After leaving Texas I went to Selfridge Field, Mt. Clemens, Michigan, where I completed a course in aerial gunnery and was commissioned a fighting observer. I received my commission the sixth of August and was sent to Mineola, Long Island. Here they assigned me to the first provisional wing, and attached to the 51st Aero Squadron, at the present time we have been doing coast patrol and a little stunt flying and night flying.

We will stay here until the middle of October, then we will come west for the winter. I have hopes of being sent to San Diego and if so I will get a few days off and visit the school. The course that I took at Selfridge Field was all machine gun work and target practice in the air and on the ground. The course was four weeks in duration and forty hours of air work. Since I have been here all the work has been air work and plenty of that. We put in from four to six hours a day and that is plenty to keep us busy. This wing is the first to be trained in the United States and will be sent direct to the front when we go across. When and where we do not know, but it will be in the early spring.

I have already been here two months now and it has turned off cold already so I do not expect that we will stay here very much longer. Beginning the first of next week we get two hours of school every night, beginning at 7:30 p. m., so I guess that means we cannot go to New York for a while. We get Wednesday afternoons and Saturdays and Sundays off, and that is enough time to spend in the city.

They have had some wonderful shows in New York this summer and the new shows for this winter are great; having a lot of spare time, I

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George R. Smith, '20.....	School Notes, Military
Helen Louis, '21.....	School Notes
Margaret Baker, '20.....	Society
R. B. Huston, '19.....	Athletics
Lloyd Russell, '20.....	Jokes

Bulletin Supplement. Entered at the Post Office at San Luis Obispo, Cal., as Second Class matter.

Olin Halstead, editor of the Polygram, has joined the army and as yet no one has been appointed to take his place. Miss Elsbeth Meinecke, assistant editor, has been out of school for some time. It has therefore been necessary for the rest of the staff, guided by the critic, to get together the material for this issue of the Polygram.

C'est la guerre!

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have seen most of them and will try to see the rest of them during my stay here.

So far I have found flying very interesting and will say that my course at Poly helped me very much to get through with good grades and I want to thank you and the rest of the faculty and Mr. Binns. I met Mr. Keefer in San Antonio, Texas, at Kelly Field. He had the little gold bar and I sure was glad to see him. I wish that this war would end soon so that all the Poly students could get together again and have one grand big time. As I have to go coast patrol this afternoon at 4 p. m. I will close.

Hoping to hear from you soon, I am, your friend,
ERNEST L. FERGUS, 2nd Lieut. U. S. A.

On Active Service, A. E. F.

(Still in England), Oct. 22nd, 1918.

Dear Mrs. Ray: This letter may surprise you, Mrs. Ray, for I know you think that I have forgotten you by this time; but I have been rather busy this summer and didn't do much corresponding. * * *

By this time no doubt you will be very busy at

school again, and the football team will be busy practicing every night. We have a team in our squadron, but I'm not playing this year, due to the fact that working hours are long, and one gets tired enough in the shops before it comes time for a little field work. I surely hope that you have a good enrollment this year.

Since writing to you last, I have moved to a new camp, but still in England. It seems to be our luck not to be able to get out of England, and as we are all crazy to get to France, you can imagine the disappointment. In two weeks more we will be entitled to our service stripes, which indicates six months of overseas' service. That's seemed quite a long time for us here in England, but I hope the next six will be somewhere else. From the present reports, I guess there'll be something stirring before long. Some of the boys are figuring on their homeward trip already, but I'm waiting silently for mine. I'm looking for another summer to be spent in Europe before we get away.

I've heard that Howard Sebastian was drafted just a short time ago. Yes, nearly all of the boys are headed this way, and I've not even a chance to see any of them, unless by chance I should meet them in London some week-end.

I wish to thank you very much for the snap shots of the boys. It surely reminds me of many old days of tramping out on the field, but it is also very beneficial to me.

Gee, there surely must be quite a change in the faculty this year. Guess I wouldn't know the place if I should drop in there just about tomorrow morning for assembly, which is on Wednesday.

The weather here in England is getting very cold already and they say before long we will know that winter is on. We have barracks, though, and fine shops to work in, so why need we worry? We've had a continuous winter here this summer according to my notion. Rain and wind every other day are the weather conditions here.

Our mail service has been very good, considering difficulties. Mail from the states arrives on the average of once a week. We surely do look forward to those days also.

Well, I must close this letter as it's just about time for taps, and lights out. Give my regards to the major and any of my schoolmates that are left. Wishing you and the major a merry Christmas and a happy New Year, I am, sincerely yours,

SGT. T. W. ERICKSON,

824 Aero Squad., A. E. F., London, Eng.

Dago—How many ribs have you, Russell?

Russell—I don't know. I always was so ticklish that I couldn't count them.

KNOCK THE GERM OUT OF GERMANY!

A few weeks ago the Llandovery Castle, a Red Cross Hospital ship, was sunk by a German submarine. That great ship was fully equipped to care for wounded, suffering soldiers. It's only passengers were doctors and nurses. It was marked with a great red cross made of electric lights. The sides of the vessel were illuminated, showing for miles away the character of the vessel. There was no possible chance of mistaking the Llandovery Castle for anything but a hospital ship. And yet, they deliberately torpedoed that ship and took American doctors from open lifeboats and abused them. The shock of this distinctly brutish act was a little softened by the fact that we have been pretty well trained to expect such atrocities from the Germans who have deliberately shot our doctors, outraged our nurses, bombed our hospitals and destroyed hospital ships.

Now we have the good news that the armistice is signed which means peace. Does this mean that we are to forget these German outrages? Does it mean that the German bred influenza germ has ceased to be death dealing? No. As the remembrance of German atrocities continues so continues the death dealing qualities of the German germs. This war is only half over for the stay at homes. The influenza is still fighting for the German. It knows no armistice or peace terms. Either wear your mask and kill with boiling water the German germ each night or will kill you with true German malignity. Now that the war is almost won, let us fight on though it be only a germ and not a German soldier.

R. W. RYDER.

TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE

(By Helen Shipsey)

"Number 715 Post St., make it short and snappy, and remember, it's facts we're after and not words."

These were the instructions received one morning by Betty Brown, the latest recruit on the staff of the "Atlantic City Daily." Betty was handicapped not only by being new at her work, but also by being still somewhat unfamiliar with the city streets, and the name Post street sounded about as enlightening to her as "Everybody Rag With Me" to a Methodist minister. But it took more than that to frighten Betty, so she started out with all indications of making it "snappy."

The young reporter knew very little of the case she was being sent upon, except that it was a so-

ciety lady craving space in the newspaper, and had asked for an interview, stating she had some very interesting material for publication.

In the midst of her reflections, the conductor shouted "Pole Street," and with a start Betty jumped from her seat and alighted. To her surprise and delight she found herself directly in front of 713, and only a matter of a few steps to 715. She went through the usual feminine process of straightening, or rather tipping, her hat, fixing a stray lock of hair, and applying her ever ready powder puff. Then remembering her instructions to "make it snappy" she hurried on as if to make up for lost time. The house bearing the number 715 was very much as she had pictured, large, elaborate, standing somewhat back from the street and well supplied with trees and shrubbery.

Betty walked up the steps with the air of owning the place, and rang the bell. The door was opened by a trim, haughty young maid who, without waiting for a word from the girl, said, "We hardly expected you at the front door, but come in."

Somewhat taken back, Betty walked in in silence and sat on the nearest chair. Almost instantly a large, bustling woman entered the room and without any preliminary introductions began to speak.

"You are about one half hour late, not a very good beginning, but perhaps you have some reason to offer."

Still more taken aback and dumfounded, Betty at last managed to utter, "Why, I really didn't understand that any set time had been appointed."

The woman fairly threw the next words at her. "Well, you should have understood. I certainly made it plain enough. My time, I want you to understand, is not at any one's disposal to waste in such a manner."

Betty felt hot resentment rising within her. How dared this woman who had asked for the interview talk in such a manner? Wasn't it she, Betty Brown, who was wasting her time merely to please the vanity of a climbing society woman by giving her a little press notice? These were the thoughts that hurried through the girl's mind, and just as she was going to inform the lady the the "Atlantic Daily" hadn't asked for the interview she was interrupted by, "I have only a few minutes to tell you what I expect to, so sit still and listen."

(To be Continued)

J. O. K. E. S.

Burr—Haven't heard from my best girl now for six weeks. I'm afraid some other fellow has come between us.

"Dago"—Don't worry, "Fat." It's only Burleson.

Major Schlosser—(The day after Beard had been officer of the day)—I didn't get your military report for yesterday, Beard. Did you drop it in the box?

Lieut. Beard—Why, yes, Major; I put it in the box at 4:05 yesterday afternoon.

Major Schlosser—Well, that's funny; I didn't find it.

Lieut. Beard—Why, it must be there, for I dropped it in there as I came out of Mr. Doxsee's class room.

Major Schlosser—What box did you put it in?

Lieut. Beard—That one near Mr. St. John's room (the Josh Box).

Mr. Saunders—Blake, there must be a lot of iron in your system.

"Shorty" Blake—But why do you think so, Mr. Saunders?

Mr. Saunders—Because you lose your temper when you get hot.

Corp. Marquard (to Mora)—What is the difference between your neck and a typewriter?

"Buck" Priv. Mora—I don't know. Give it up.

Marquard—Both underwood. No difference.

Lieut. Russell—I read in a magazine where a scientist says that in a thousand years there won't be any blondes.

Lieut. Brown—I don't care. I'll be tired of going to Arroyo Grande by that time.

Col. Ryder (in the dining hall)—Look here, Mrs. Heald, isn't that a hair in the butter?

Mrs. Heald—Yes, sir; that's a cow's hair. We always serve one with the butter, to show that it isn't oleomargarine.

Miss Chase—Have you noticed the latest war news?

Mr. Brown—No. But I was very much interested in noticing the new pronunciation of Verdun, the way the Germans pronounce it.

(Long silence.)
Mr. Redman—How do they pronounce it?
Mr. Brown—Vee-are-done.

Mr. Schlosser—My chin is sore. I guess I'll let it rest today.

Mrs. Schlosser—I would, dear. Let the pupils do the talking.

Mr. Schlosser—Aw, I didn't mean that. I meant I wouldn't shave this morning.

Mr. Brown—I see that the government intends to regulate the growing of corn next year.

Mr. Redman—Why?

Mr. Brown—Because there are too many profit-ears.

FRESHMEN VS. SOPHOMORES

On Wednesday, Oct. 30, 1918, at 4 p. m. the game was called. Both teams were fresh and made good showings, although the Sophomores kept the ball near the goal, making several attempts to throw the ball into the basket. During the first half Sandercock and Glines made a field goal and Barnett threw a free goal, making five points for the Freshmen. Kerr threw two field goals for the Sophomores. During the first part of the second half the Freshmen again made a good showing by making five points. The Sophomores finally mastered the situation and made 20 points, thus making a total score of 24 to 10 in favor of the Sophomores. The men that represented the Sophomores were Burr, Brown, Kerr, Van Shack, Bud Boys, with Wuley as sub. The Freshmen were represented by Sandercock, Barnett, Glines, Rowan and Flugger, with Young as sub. Lieutenant Russell acted as referee.

SCHOOL NOTES

Lee Dotch, a graduate of the class of '18, has just recovered from the "flu" at his home in Victorville.

Hazel True, '18, is now attending a telegraphy school in San Francisco.

We are all glad to see Miss Williams back again after a long illness.

Katherine Shanklin is the only student of the Poly so far that is a victim of the "flu."

Miss Hoover has secured nine boxes of grapes from the Johnson place. With the aid of the boys she is going to make grape juice.

Many students have been kept home by parents until the quarantine is over.

The school library has purchased a very expensive set of the Britannica Encyclopedia. The set contains twenty-nine volumes and is the most valuable that can be secured.

The Polytechnic school was put under quarantine last Tuesday. Every student is compelled to wear a mask while in school and to present a pass to enter the grounds.

Lee De Vol has received his commission as first lieutenant.